

GOLD
KEY

YOGI BEAR

HANNA-BARBERA

15c

YOGI BEAR

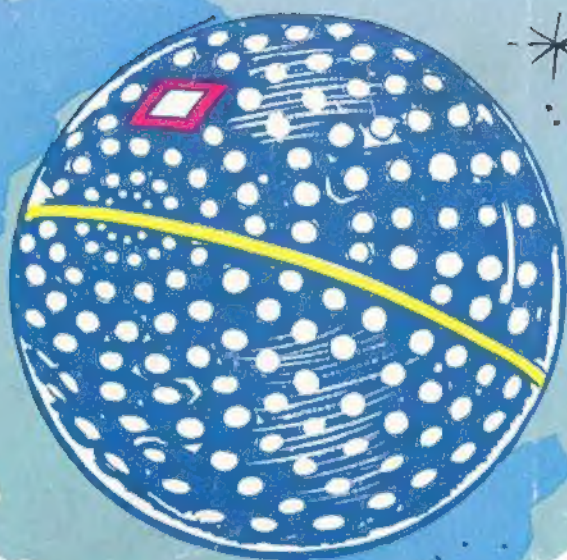
10066-810

OCTOBER



EXPLORER XIX

This balloon-like satellite is one of many designed to measure the thickness of air above the earth. It went up about 1490 miles while orbiting around the earth. Explorer XIX sent back information by radio signal which helped scientists understand what "thin" air could do to a spacecraft at different heights. Energy for this radio came from a rechargeable storage battery inside the satellite and a row of solar or sun-powered cells on the outside.



CHEERIOS KID

This is the Cheerios Kid, whose energy comes from Cheerios! Like satellites, like you, he needs go-power every day. And, a breakfast of Cheerios with milk is packed with muscle-building protein and energy for go-power. Get yourself Go. Get Cheerios!

©G.M.


GENERAL MILLS

Hanna-Barbara

YOGI BEAR THE BRAINY BRUIN

TALK, BEAR...OR WE'LL
LET YOU PLUNGE INTO
DEVIL'S-RUT CANYON!

HORRORS! HOW DID YOGI
GET INTO SUCH A DIRE
PREDICAMENT?

WELL, IT ALL
SPRINGS
FROM AN
IDEA THAT
STRUCK THE
RANGER.
ONE DAY...

...BUT I DIDN'T KNOW
IT WAS AGAINST THE
PARK RULES TO PICK
MORE THAN A BUSHEL
OF BERRIES!

GRR! IGNORANCE OF
THE LAW IS ALWAYS
YOUR EXCUSE!

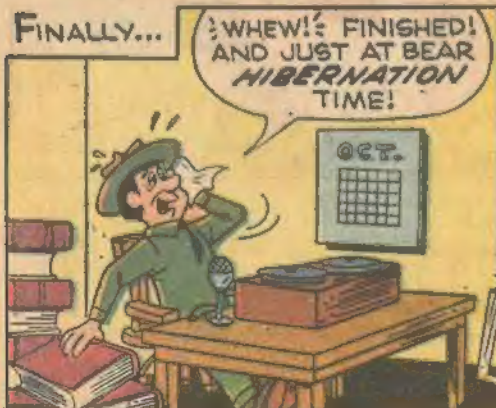
HAWA...

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HUH? YOGI DIDN'T TELL ME HE LOST A TOOTH AND PUT IT UNDER HIS PILLOW!



...AND MY MAMA NEVER TOLD ME THAT THE **GOOD FAIRY** WEARS A **RANGER SUIT**!



YOU'RE NOT THE GOOD FAIRY!

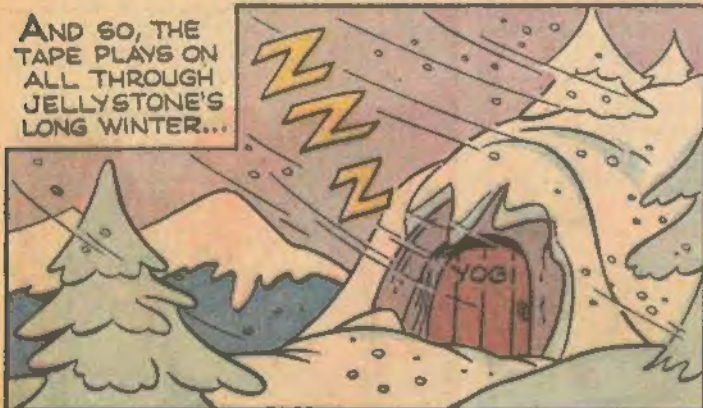
YIKES!



ER... I'M DOING YOGI A FAVOR! THIS SPEAKER WILL FEED LOTS OF USEFUL DATA ABOUT JELLYSTONE PARK INTO HIS NOODLE WHILE HE SLEEPS!

LUCKY YOGI!

AND SO, THE TAPE PLAYS ON ALL THROUGH JELLYSTONE'S LONG WINTER...



MONTHS LATER...



HE'S STARTING TO WAKE UP! NOW I'LL TAKE AWAY MY EQUIPMENT!



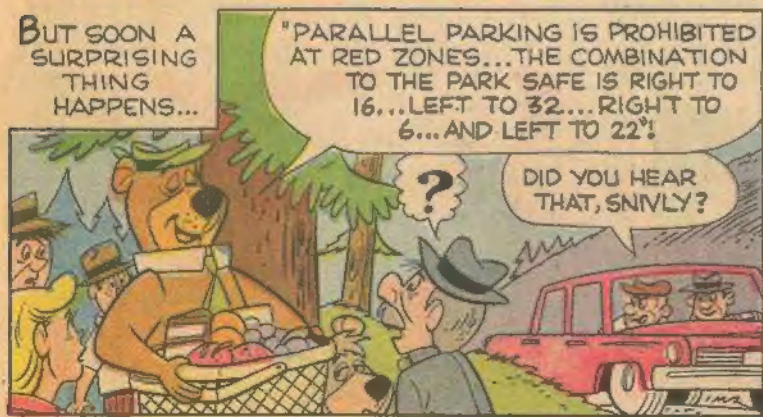
BOY, I'M HUNGRY AS A **BEAR**!

ME, TOO... AND I WAS EVEN UP LATE... TILL HALF PAST OCTOBER!



AHA! THE FIRST TOURIST OF THE SEASON PUTS IN HIS YUMMY APPEARANCE!







YOGI
BEAR

ACTING UP

REPRINTED
BY POPULAR
DEMAND

LOOK, BOO BOO! THEY'RE
MAKING A TELEVISION PICTURE
ABOUT MY FAVORITE ACTOR—
WINFRED, THE MOUNTIE!

I MUST HAVE HIS
AUTOGRAPH!

EXCUSE ME, MR. WINFRED, SIR,
BUT...

CUT!

YOU STUPID BEAR—YOU'VE JUST
RUINED AN EXPENSIVE CLOSE-UP!

WHOOPS!
SORRY!

POW!

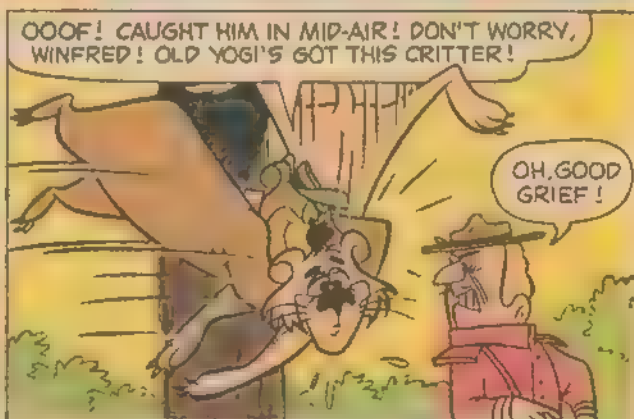
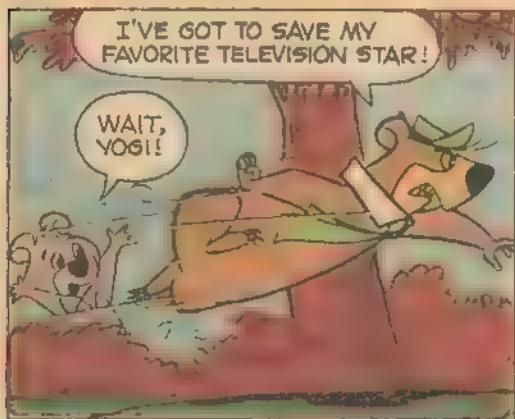
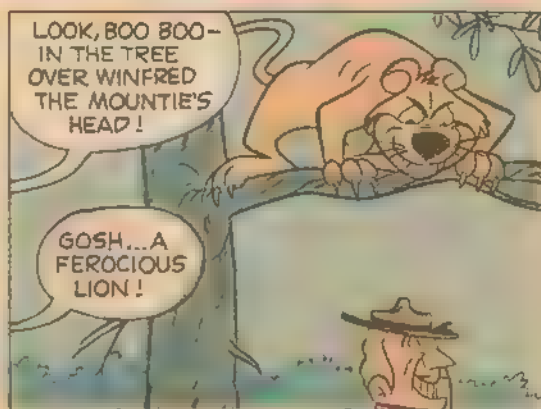
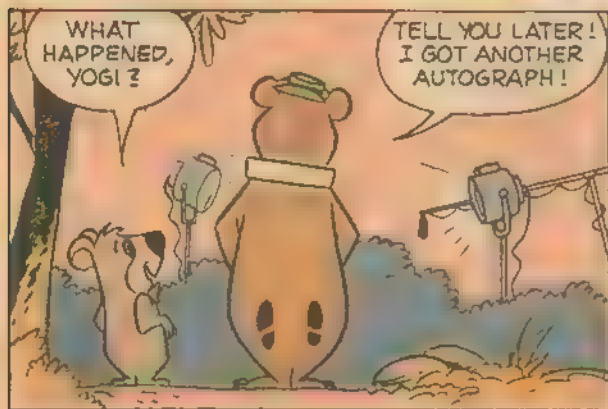
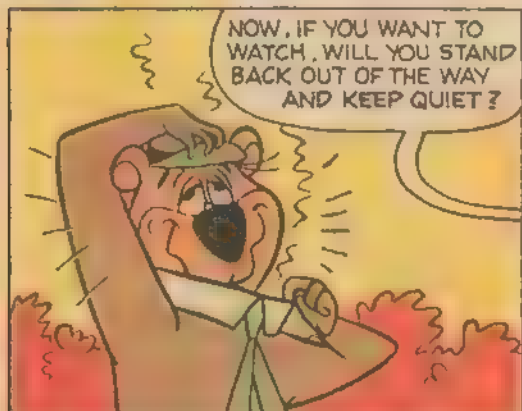
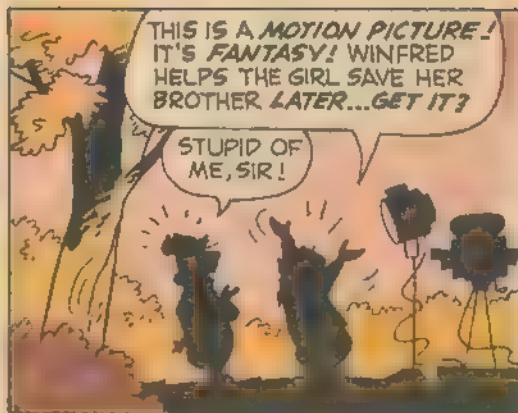
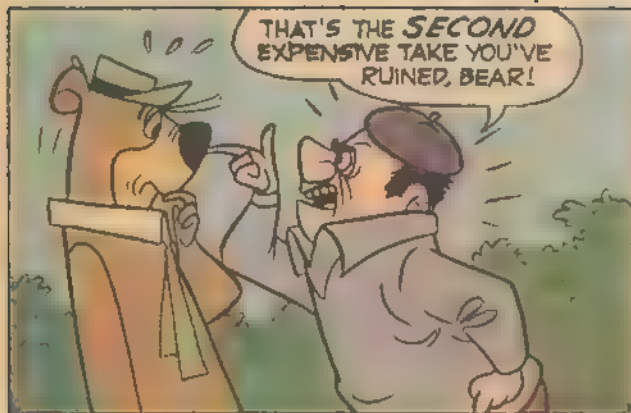
DID YOU GET
WINFRED'S
AUTOGRAPH,
YOGI?

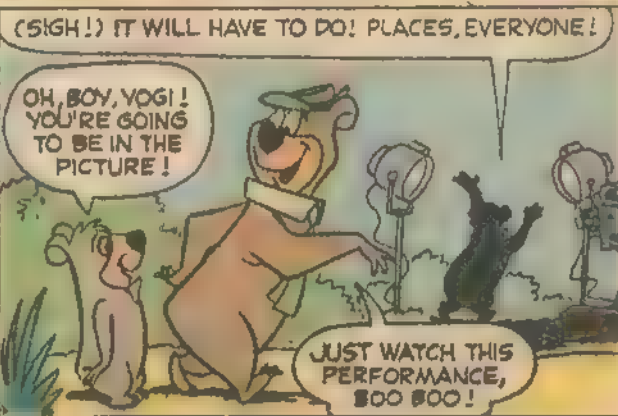
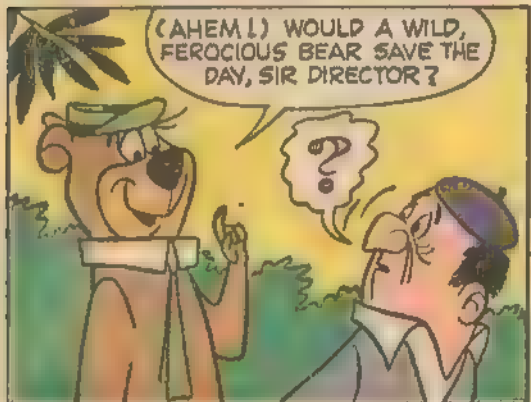
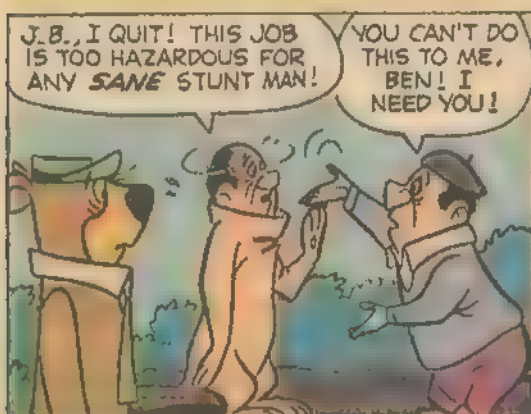
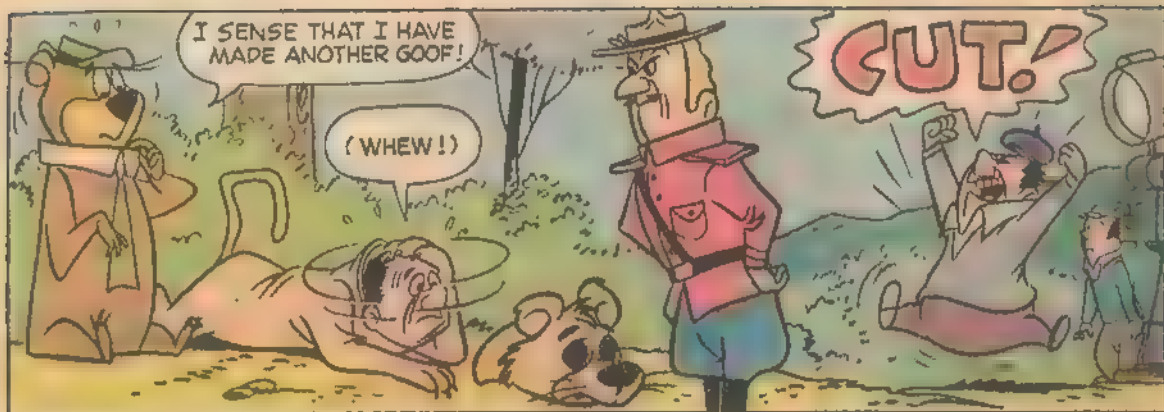
TAKE TWO,
SCENE FIVE,
PRODUCTION
ONE, OH, TWO!
ROLL 'EM!

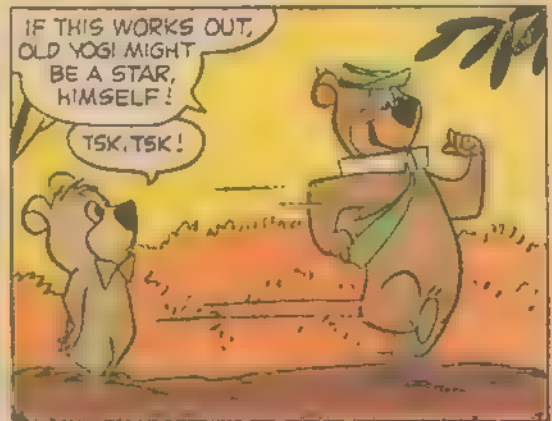
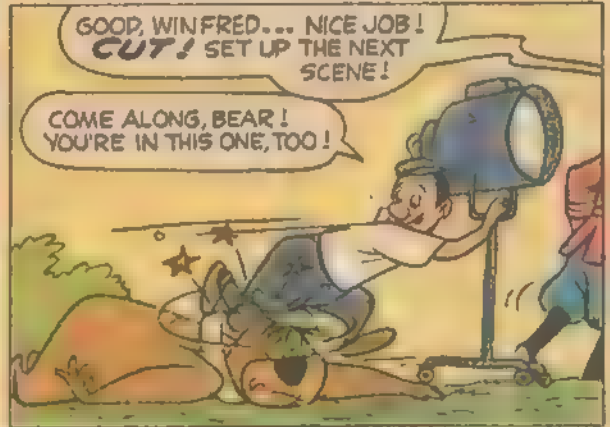
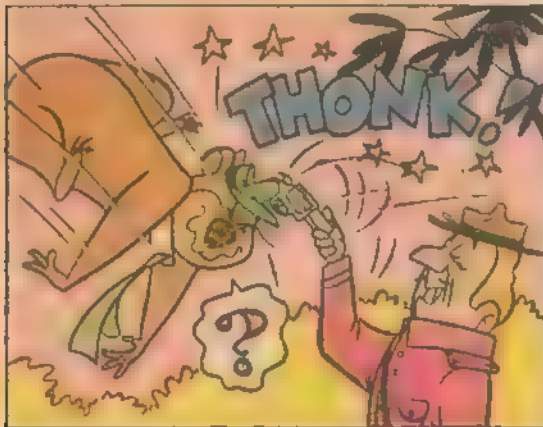
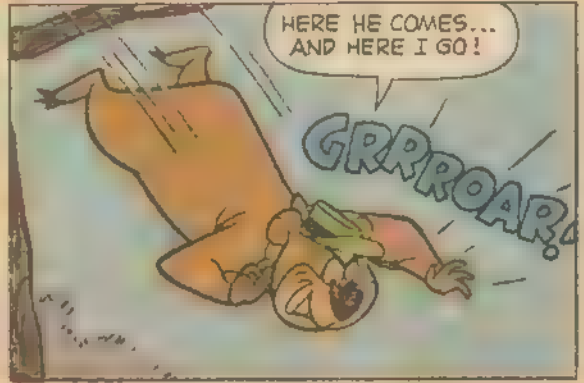
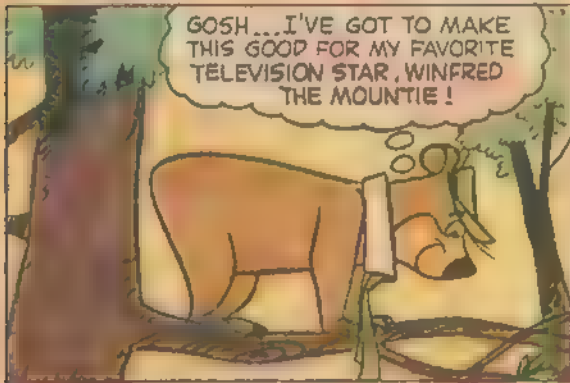
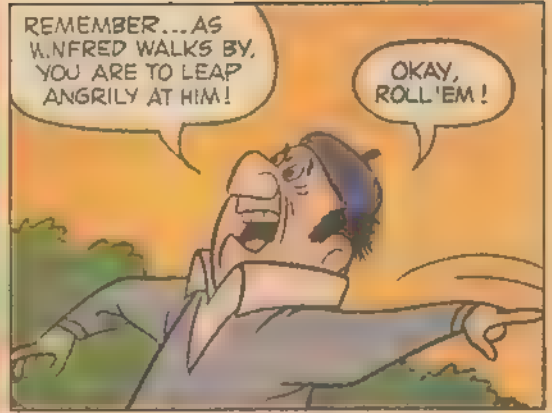
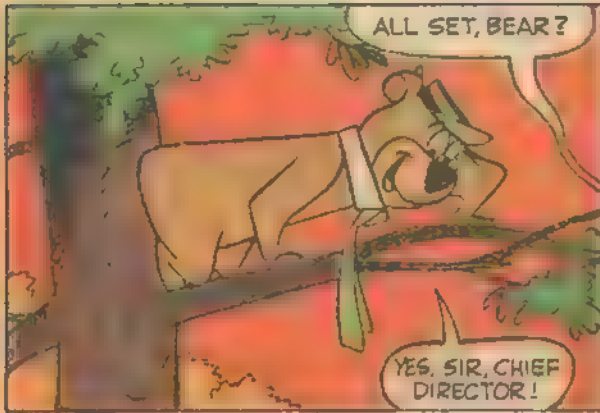
YES, BUT I'LL SHOW IT
TO YOU LATER, LITTLE
FRIEND! RIGHT NOW
LET'S WATCH!

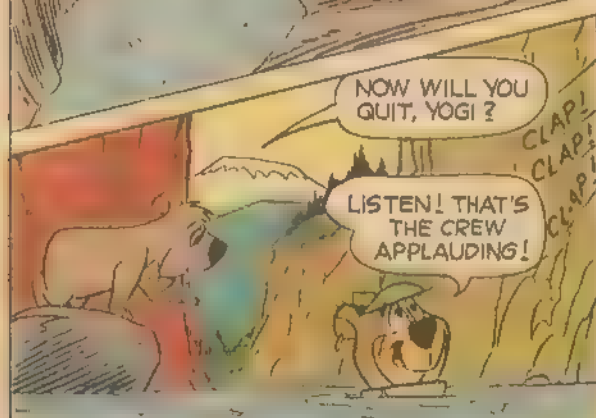
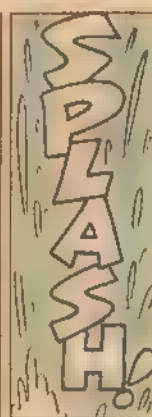
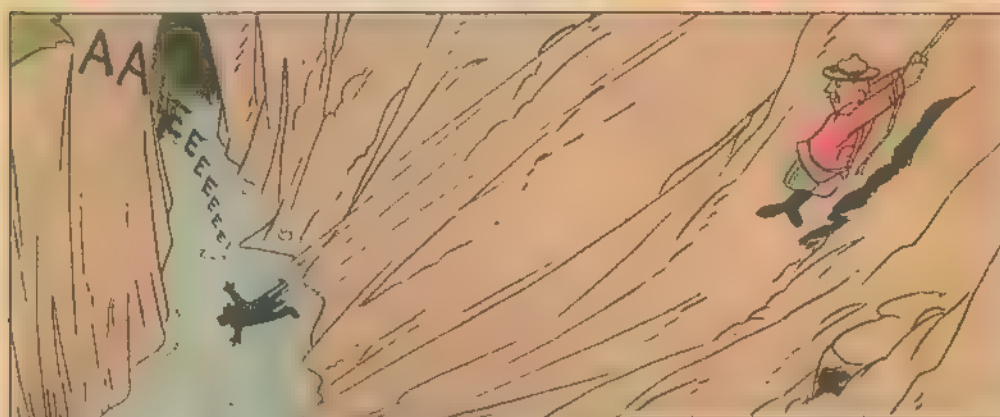
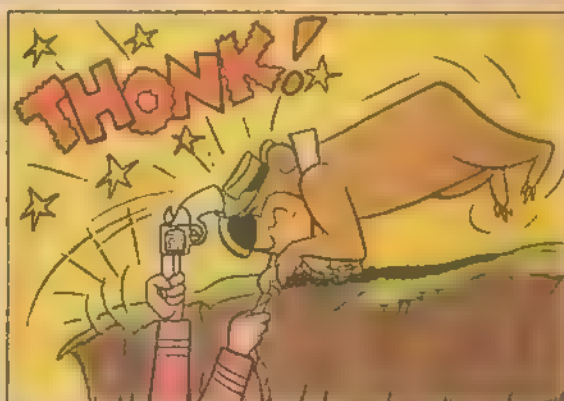
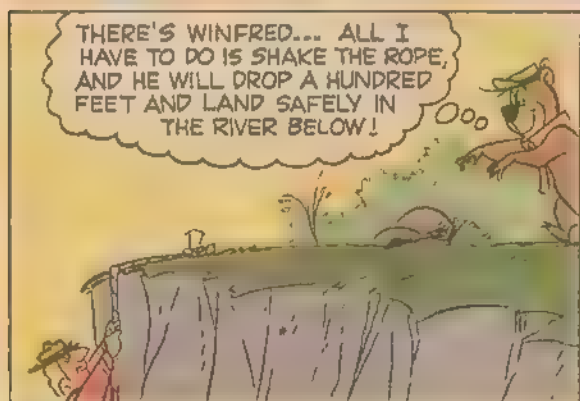
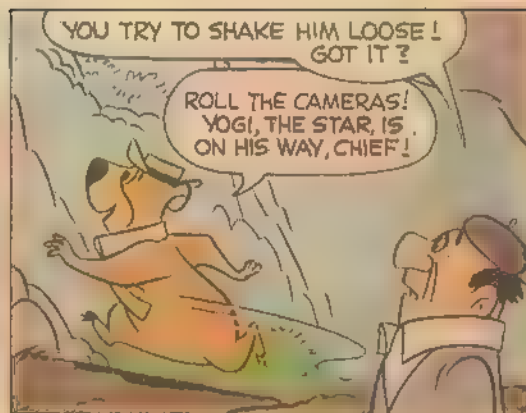
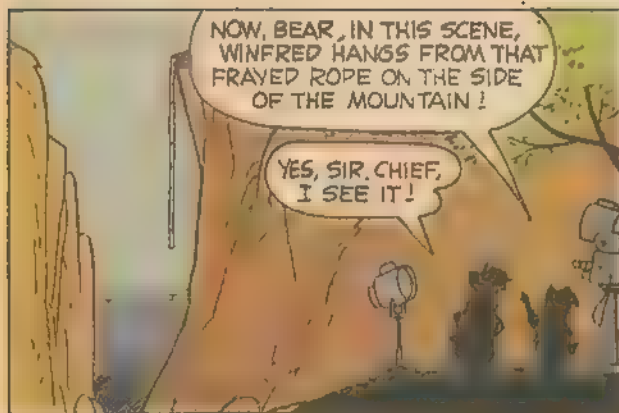
ACTION!

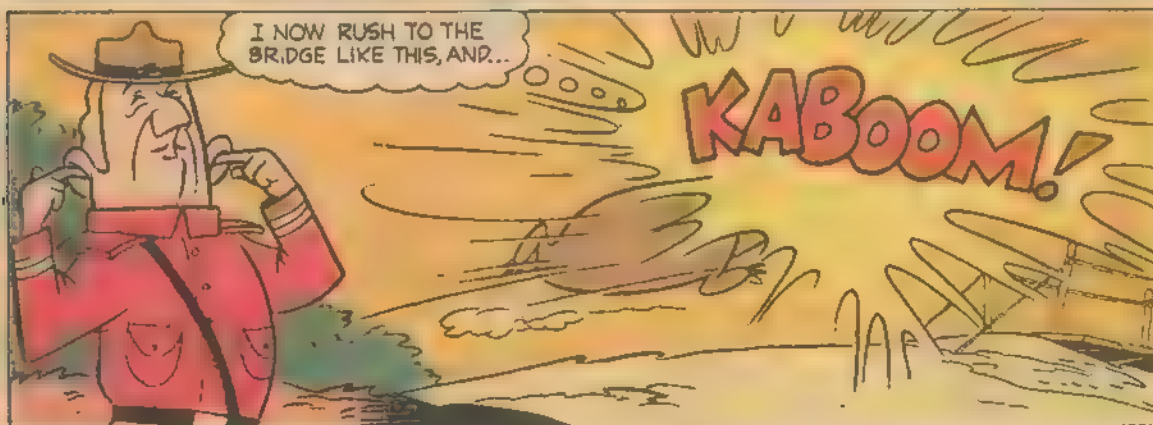
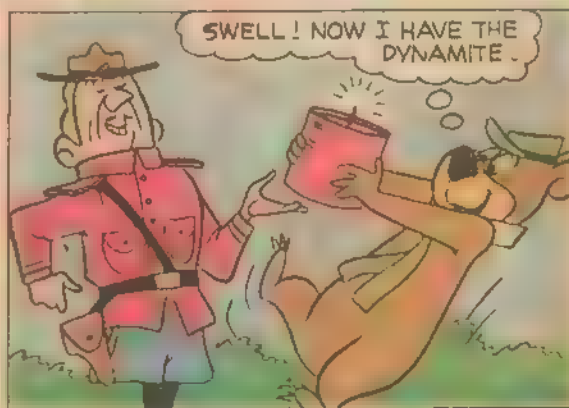
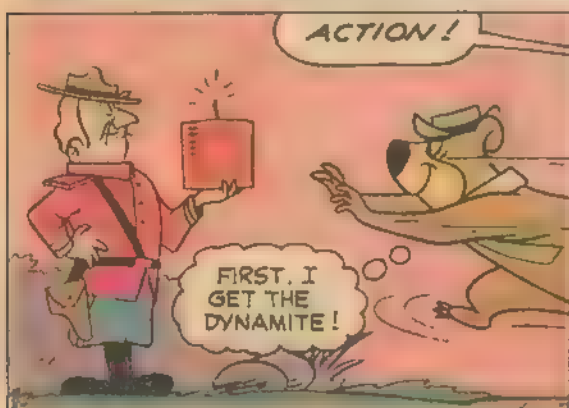
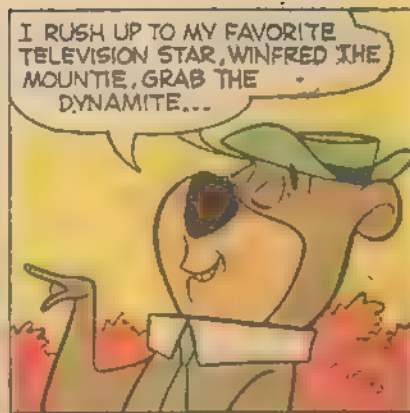


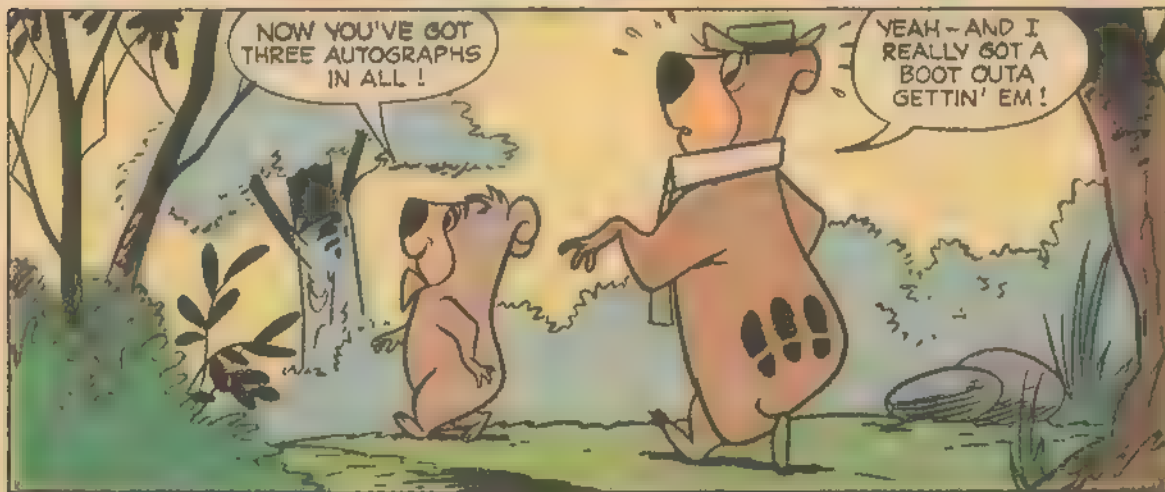
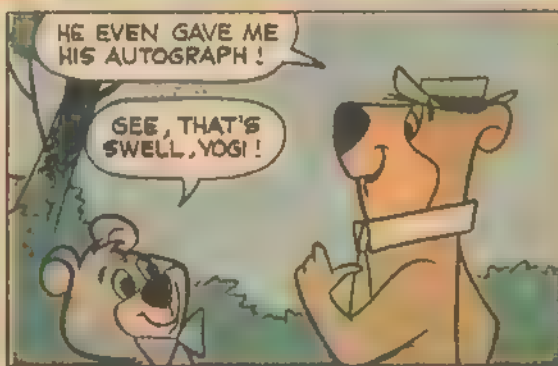
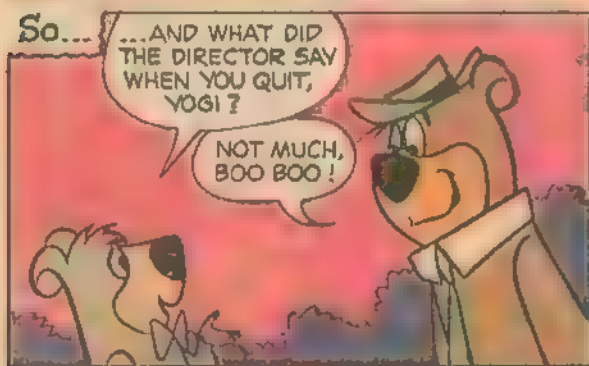
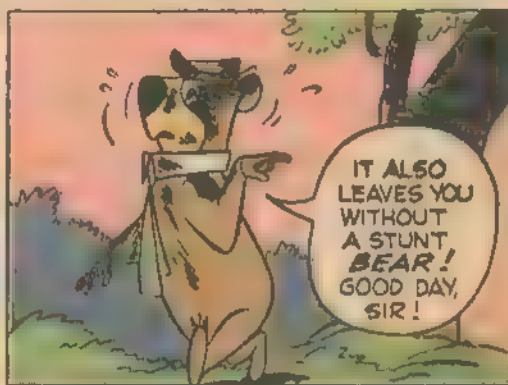
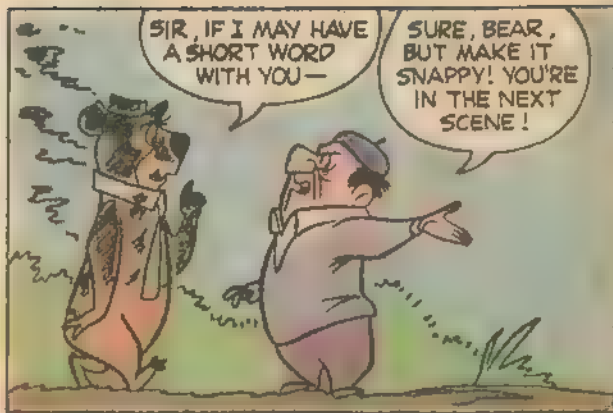
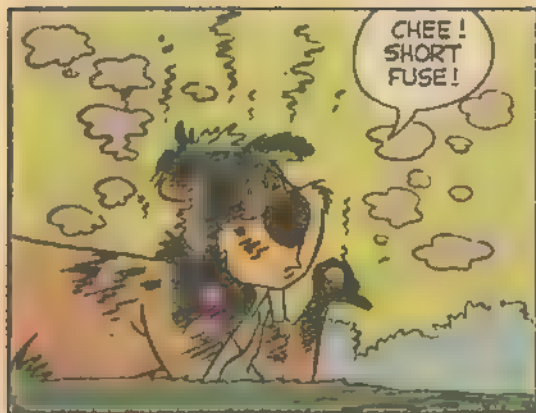














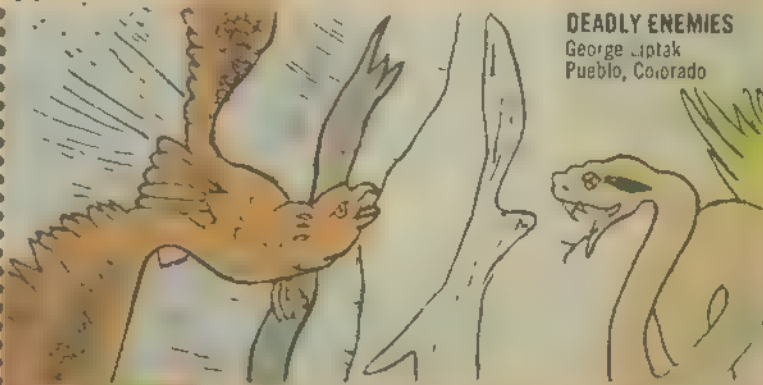
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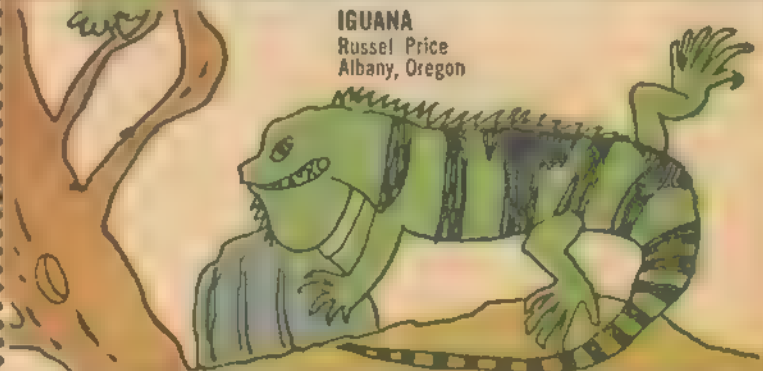
DEADLY ENEMIES

George Liptak
Pueblo, Colorado



IGUANA

Russel Price
Albany, Oregon



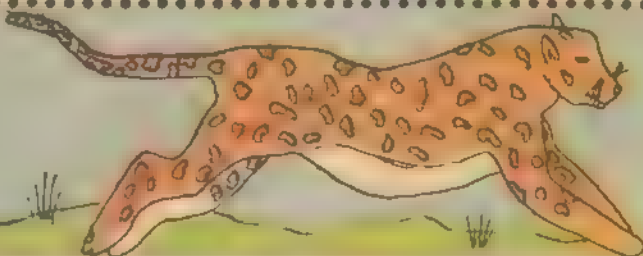
PARROT

Richard Dziendzielewicz
Holyoke, Massachusetts



LEOPARD

Larry Poulk
Yellowknife, Northwest Territories
Canada



MOUNTAIN LION

John A. Brunt, Jr.
Senatobia, Mississippi



Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

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ALL
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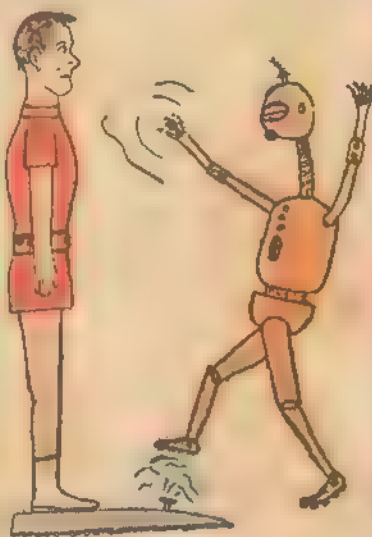
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MAGNUS LURE

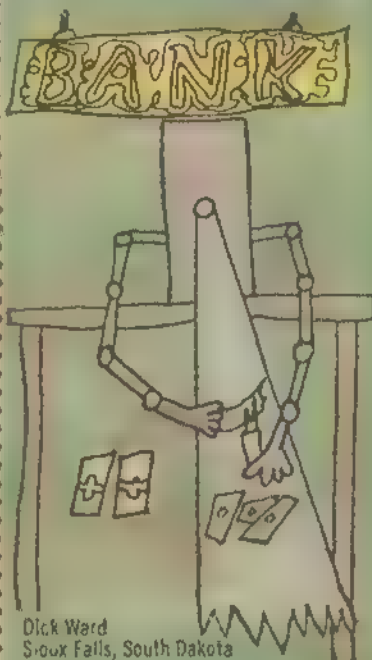
Attracts robots and when they step on the "stun-button" they are short-circuited



Billy Freytag
Frederick, Maryland

THE COUNTERFEIT SPOTTER

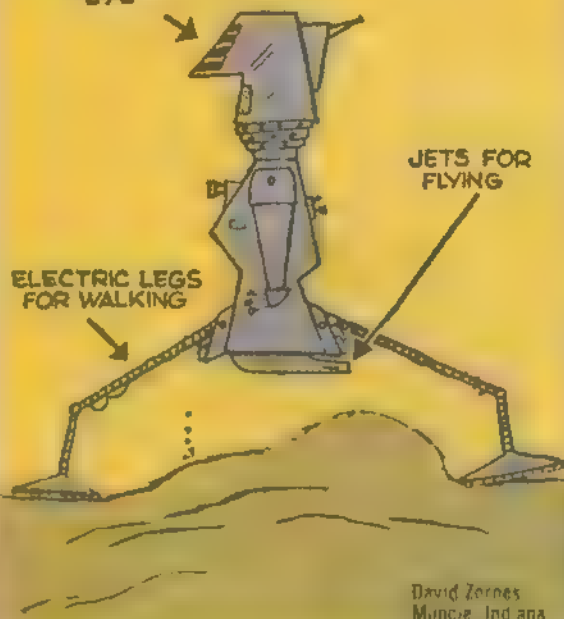
Electric eye spots counterfeit bills, arm with lighter burns them.



Dick Ward
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

COMPUTO

PHOTO
ELECTRIC
EYE



David Zornes
Muncie, Indiana

AUTOMATIC FEEDER

Brian Lundy
Lancaster, California



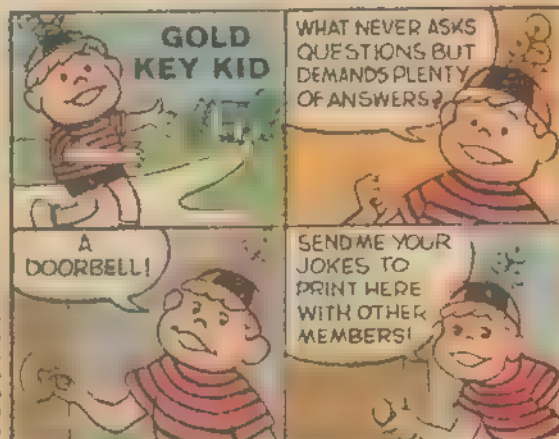
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JOKES ON YOU



Boy: I wish I could take one of your paintings home.

Painter: You can—you just sat on my paints.
Ann Levasseur—Biggar, Saskatchewan, Canada

Julie: What did one apple say to the other apple?

Dorene: Don't get saucy.
Dorene Kirking—Gour d'Alene, Idaho

Riddle: What is the difference between a light dress in winter and a tooth that's out?

Answer: One is too thin and the other is tooth out.
Camille Weare—Burns, Oregon

Tony: How did I do, Coach? Did you take my time?

Coach: I didn't have to—you took it yourself.
Jeanette Sokolowski—Poughkeepsie, New York

Riddle: What has more than 40 keys but cannot unlock a single door?

Answer: A typewriter.
James Kelly—Oak Lawn, Illinois

Rob: How was the horseback ride?

Bob: Well, there was a path that went two ways. I wanted to go one way and the horse wanted to go the other way.

Rob: Then what happened?

Bob: He tossed me for it.
George Rowles—South Plainfield, New Jersey

Doctor: Are you still taking that cough medicine I gave you?

Patient: No, I tasted the medicine and decided I would rather have the cough.
David Dalcorde—Hull, Quebec, Canada

Mother: Why is your little brother crying?

Mark: Because I'm eating my cake.

Mother: Didn't he eat his piece of cake?

Mark: No, he was crying when I was eating that, too.
Mark Coletti—Mingo Junction, Ohio

Riddle: What did one knight say to the other?

Answer: Let's call it a day.
Virginia Holloman—Alexandria, Louisiana

She: What did Benjamin Franklin say when he discovered electricity in lightning?

He: Nothing—he was too shocked.
Vickie L. Davis—Conway, North Carolina

Ann: Did you see the man-eating shark?

Susan: No, but I saw a man eating fish.
Pamela Koller—Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Carpenter: Your hammer is like lightning.

Helper: You mean I'm fast?

Carpenter: No, I mean you seldom strike twice in the same place.
Don Rickett Jr.—Carsonville, Michigan

Riddle: Why did Humpty Dumpty have a great fall?

Answer: To make up for a miserable summer.
Michelle Baldey—Huntington Beach, California

Teacher: Give me a sentence using the word "fascinate"

Gale: I have nine buttons on my sweater, but I can only fasten eight.
Susan Anderson—Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Son: Father, is ink expensive?

Father: No—why do you ask?

Son: Because Mother got so upset when I spilled some on the carpet.
Gery Cormier—Dieppe, New Brunswick, Canada

Donkey on seeing a zebra for the first time: Well, imagine that . . . a donkey who's been in jail.
Heidi Williams—Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Riddle: When does a leopard change his spots?

Answer: When he moves from place to place.
Arnold Bates—Lenora, Kansas

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QUICK DRAW MCGRAW

and BABA LOOEY

The MAGNIFICENT MASSACRE

REPRINTED
BY POPULAR
DEMAND

DO YOU THINK WE'LL
MAKE IT TO CALIFORNIA,
QUICK DRAW?

DON'T FRET, FRIEND!
WITH ME AS YOUR SCOUT,
YOU'LL GO PLACES!

CALIFORNIA
OR BUST!

SI: JUST FOLLOW
QUEEKSTRAW, AND
YOU WILL GET
SOMEWHERE!

C'MON, BABA LOOEY!
LET'S SCOUT AHEAD
FOR INJUNS!

YAHOO! HIM
SCOUTIN' FOR
INJUNS! GOTTA
TELL-UM TRIBE!

SO, A HOP-SKIP AND SCURRY LATER...

SEE ANY SIGNS OF
INJUNS, BABA BOY?

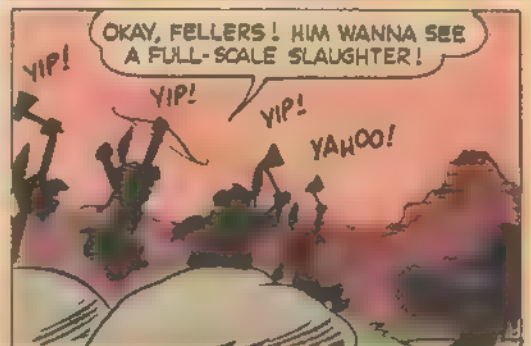
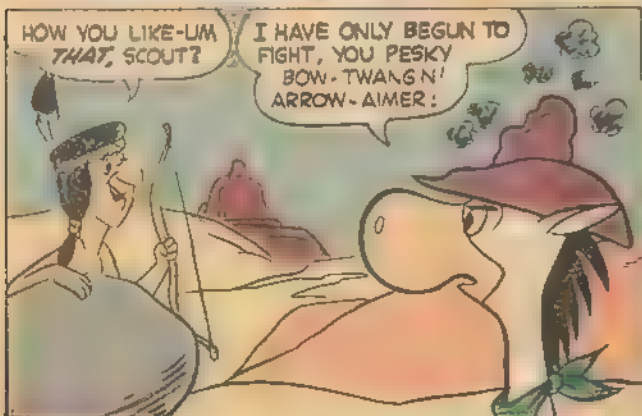
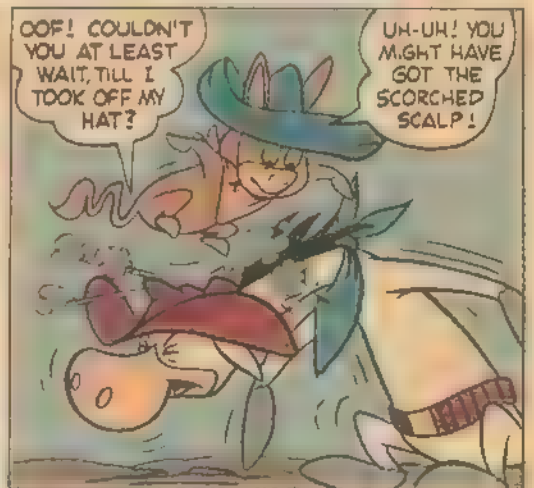
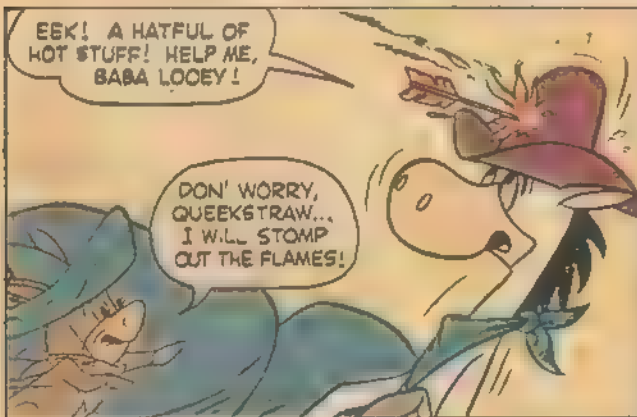
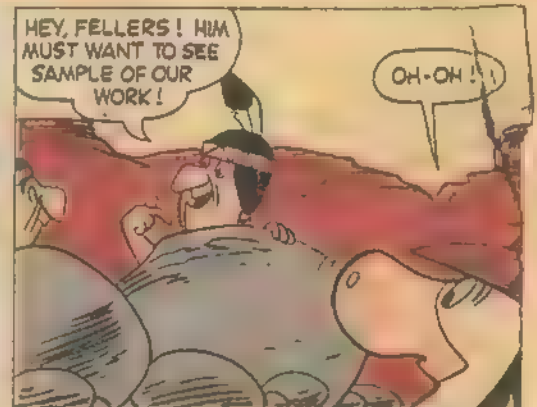
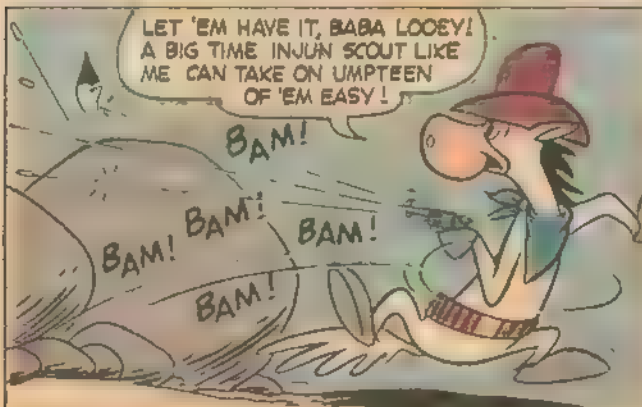
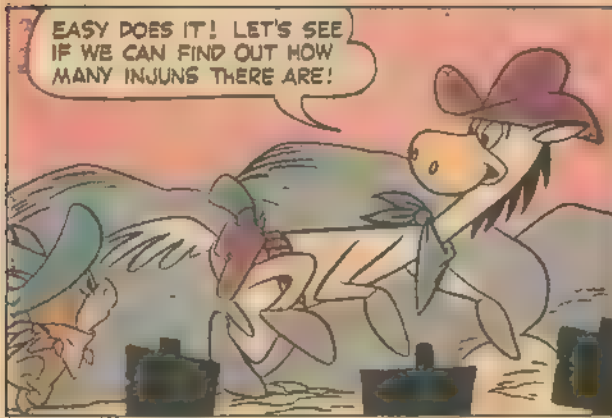
SI! RIGHT
OVER
THERE!

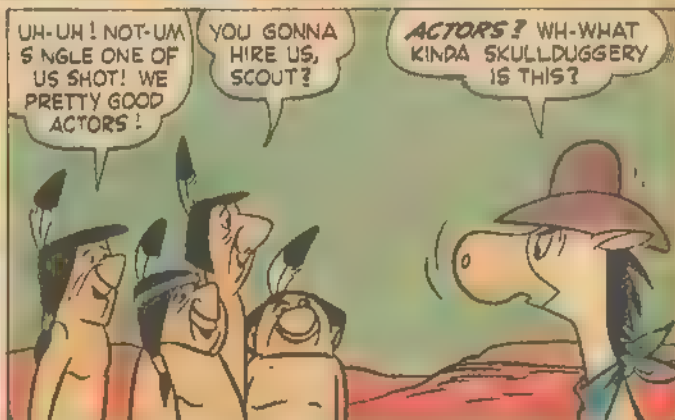
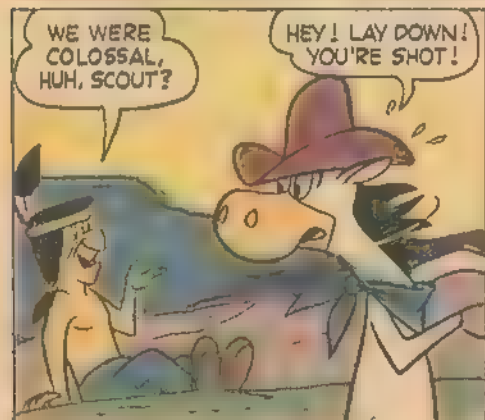
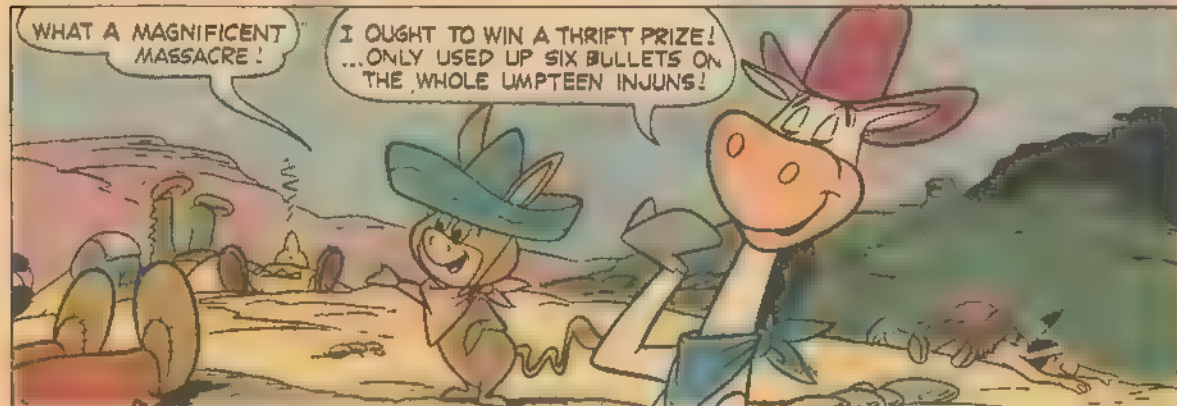
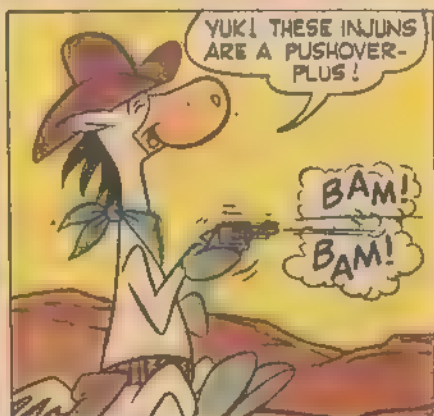
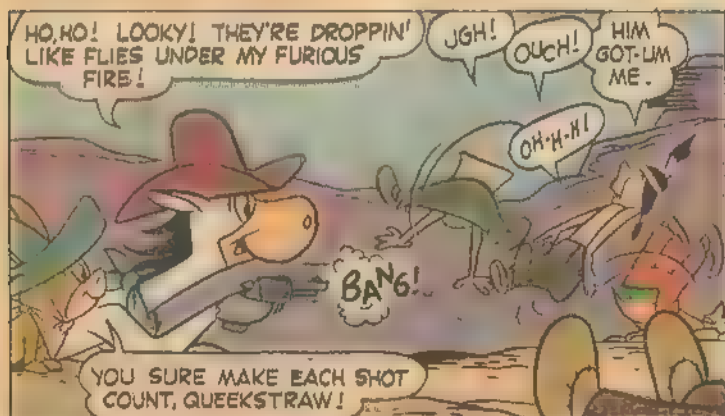
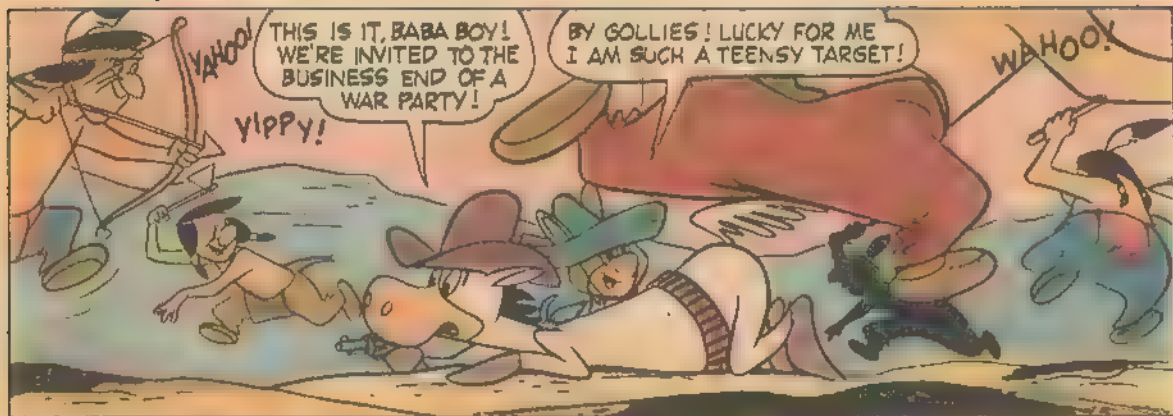
YOU'RE RIGHT AS RAIN!
THOSE ARE SHORE ENOUGH
INJUN SIGNS...THEY'RE
RED!

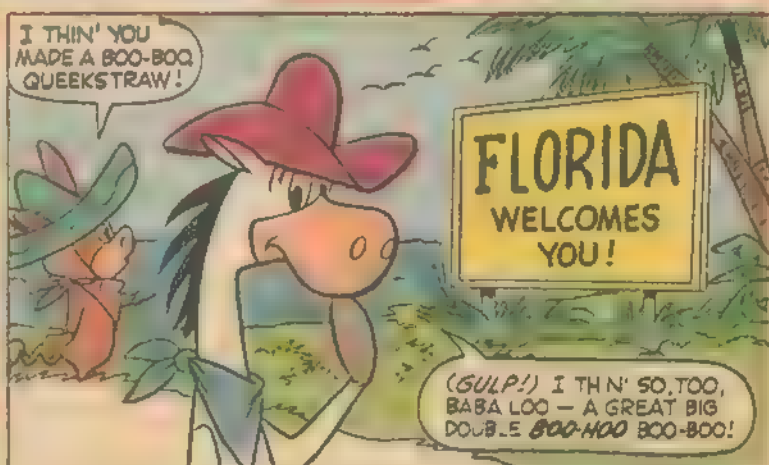
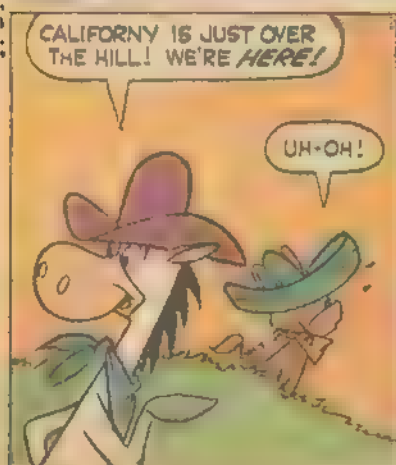
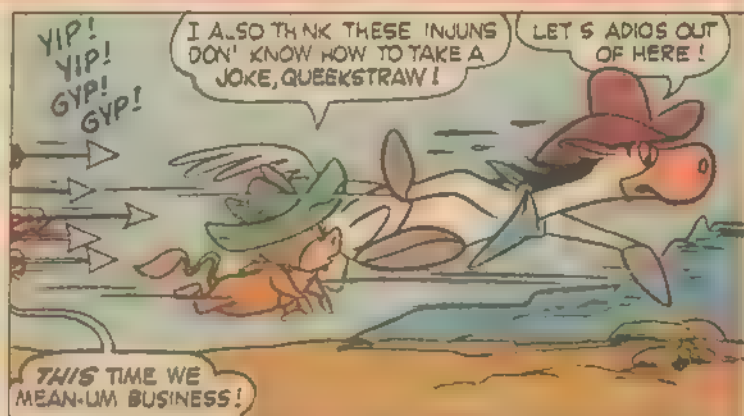
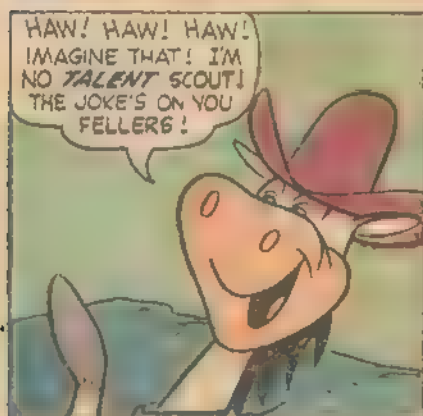
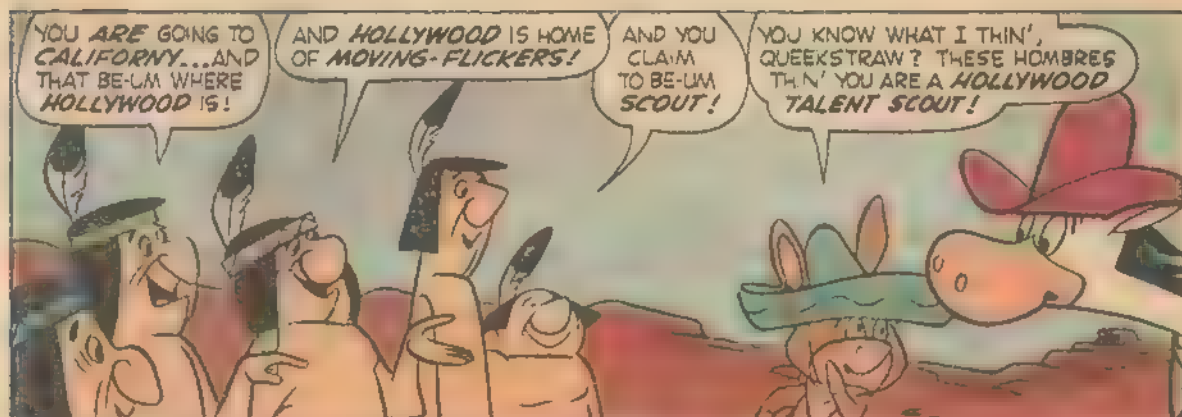
UGH!

HOW!

HEAP
HOW!







WISE IS AS WISE DOES



"Hoo-dee-dah, hoo-dee-day," Little Hoot sang as he made his way through the deep forest.

He paused by a shallow pool and gazed at his ruffled image in the water.

"You're quite a smart fellow," he said to the reflection. "But then most of us owls are. Especially we grown-ups."

Little Hoot continued on his way. Presently there came a sudden swishing noise in the bushes, and a red fox appeared as if by magic. "Hello," said the fox with a wicked grin on his face. "Who are you, and where might you be going?"

"My name is Little Hoot, son of the Wise Old Owl. I'm off to seek my fortune."

"But you're such a little fellow," said the fox. "I'll bet you can't even fly."

"Size is not what matters," replied Little Hoot. "I am an owl, and everybody knows that owls are very wise."

"My, my!" replied the still smiling fox, "you must have studied many books."

"I don't need to study to learn the ways of the world," bragged Little Hoot. "We owls are just naturally smart."

"A thousand pardons, O great one," smiled the sly fox. "Since you possess such wisdom, I am lucky to have come upon you. I have a problem that you might help me solve."

"Gladly," said Little Hoot.

"Come along then," suggested the fox. "We'll conclude our business at my place."

The pair hurried off down the trail. The fox padded silently along, while Little Hoot puffed and panted, barely able to keep up.

Presently the fox stopped. "If I may be so bold," he said, producing a paper bag from under his fur, "you should not be forced to walk. Why don't you just hop in here, and I'll carry you to my house?"

"Why, that's a splendid idea," sighed Little Hoot, jumping right into the bag.

"Ah, ha! You silly goof! My problem was that I am hungry," cried the sneaky fox. "And you've solved that already! Here you thought you were such a wise fellow."

"Oh, me," moaned Little Hoot from inside the bag. "I was not wise at all to fall for a trick like that. I must get away."

But no matter how hard he thought and thought, no escape plan would come to him.

In desperation, Little Hoot accidentally scratched the bag with his sharp talons. To his amazement, the bag tore open, being made only of paper. He quickly scrambled out and ran off down the trail.

An hour later, the frightened little owl sobbed out the story to his solemn father.

"I sure was lucky to get away from the fox," cried Little Hoot. "I'll never leave home again until I'm all grown up."

His father nodded understandingly. "As long as you have learned, then all is well."

Later that night, the Wise Old Owl ventured alone into the woods. Suddenly there came a swishing noise in the bushes, and a red fox appeared as if by magic. "How is your venturesome son?" inquired the fox.

"As fine as can be," said the Wise Old Owl. "He is at home, studying his lessons."

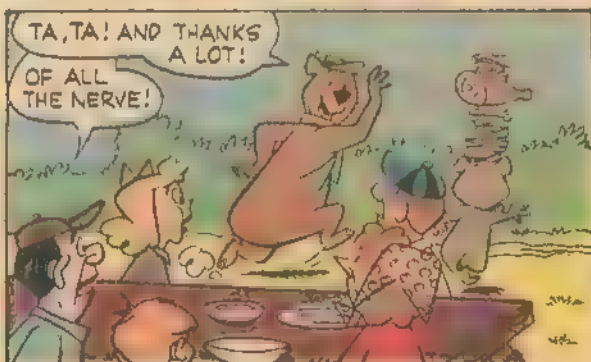
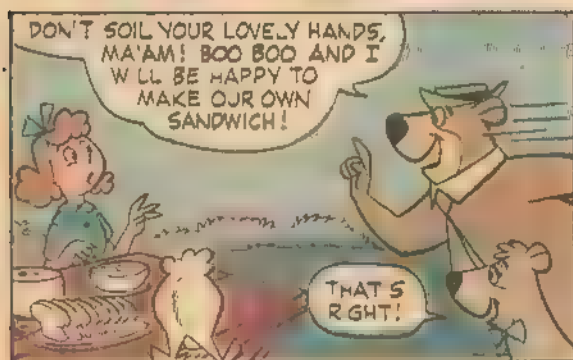
"Then we are even," said the fox. "You once warned me of danger when hunters came into the woods, and now I have helped you teach your son a lesson. I hope he has learned it well, for the next time I spy him in the woods, I shall try to eat him up."

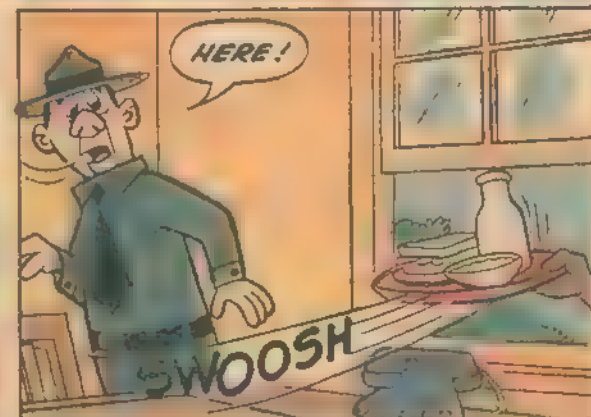
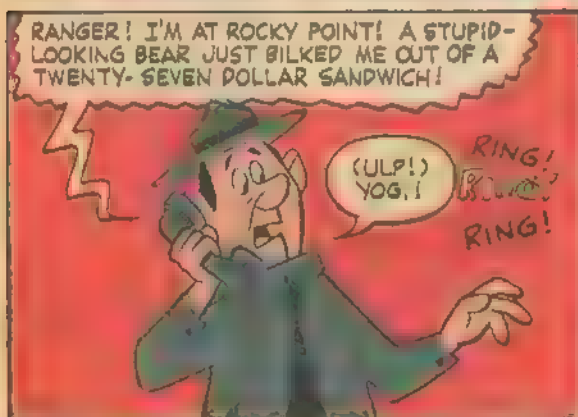
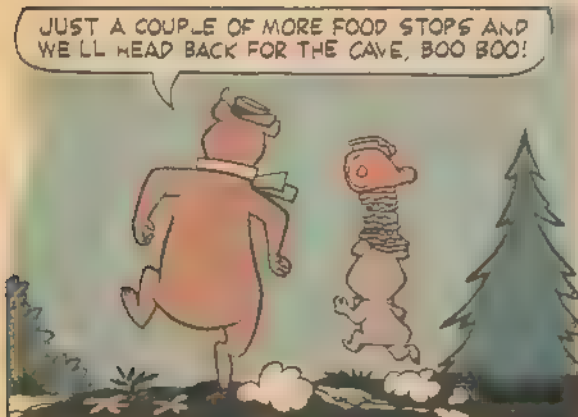
"Have no fear, Mr. Fox," chuckled the Wise Old Owl. "Now that Little Hoot knows that he is not as smart as he thought, I'm sure he'll never give you the chance."

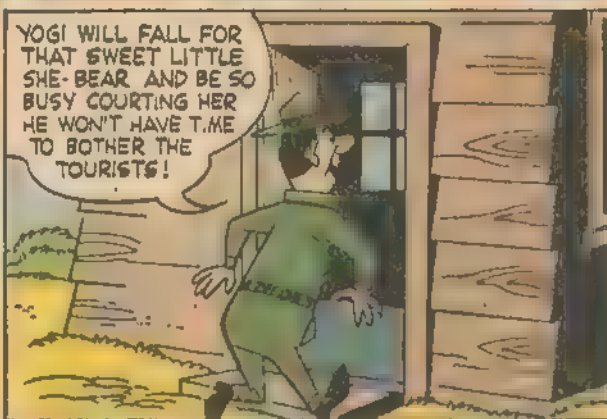
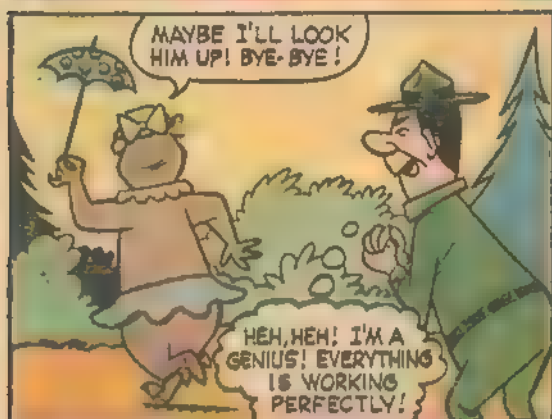
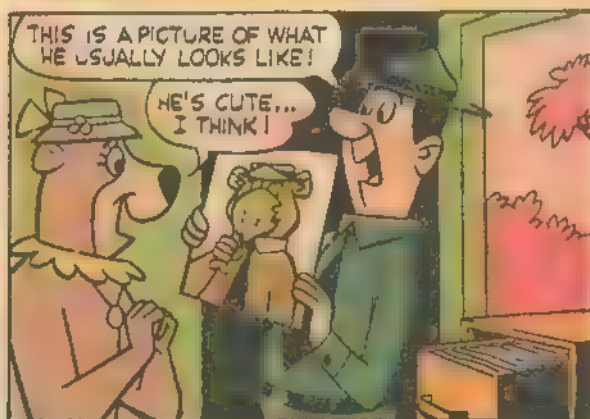
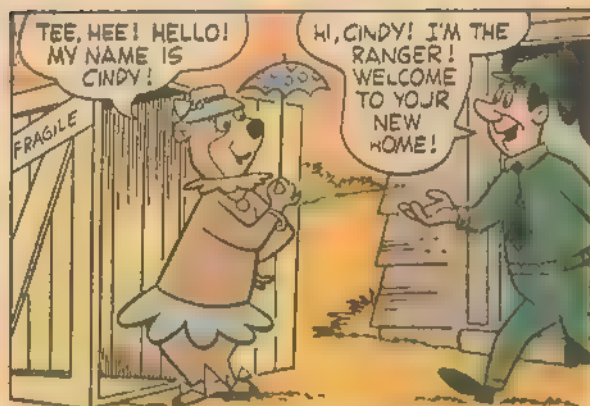
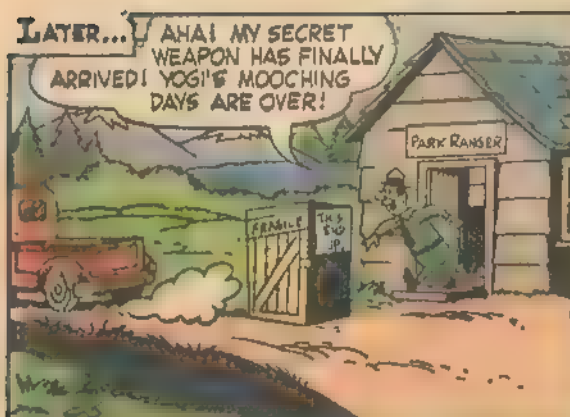
Yogi Bear

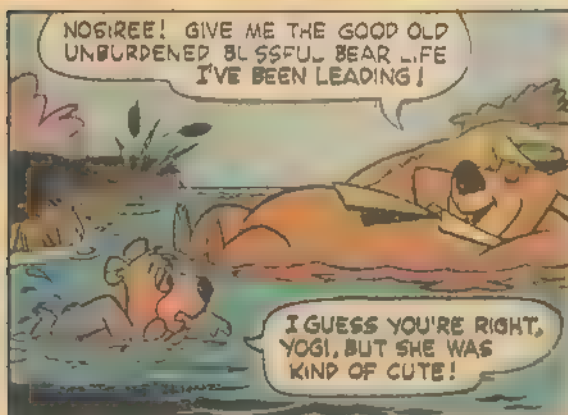
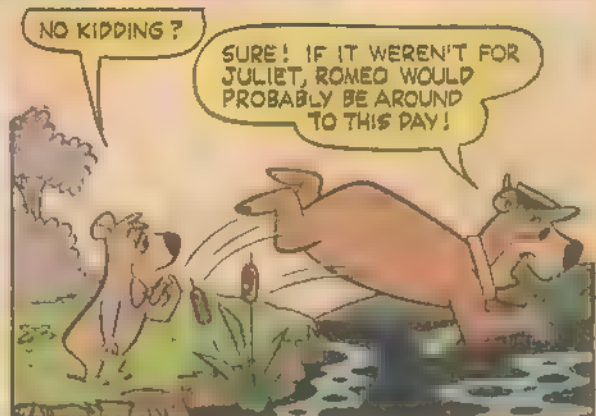
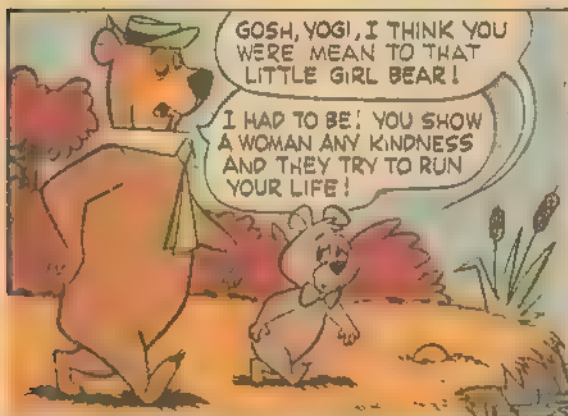
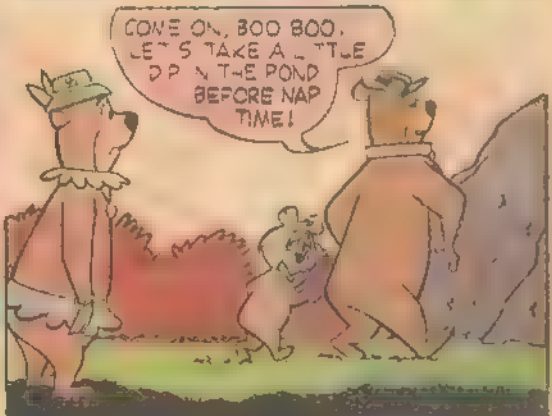
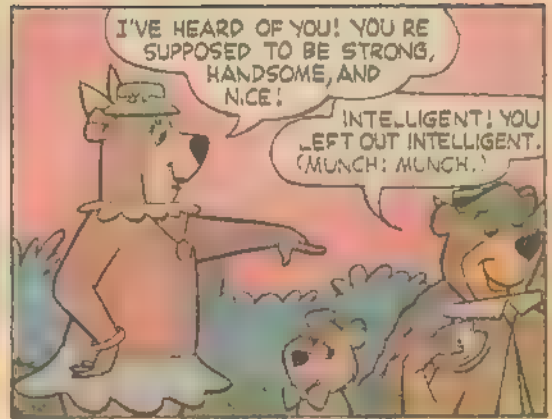
THE RIGGED ROMANCE

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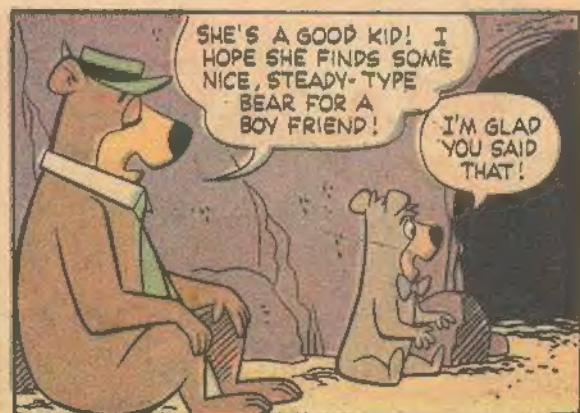


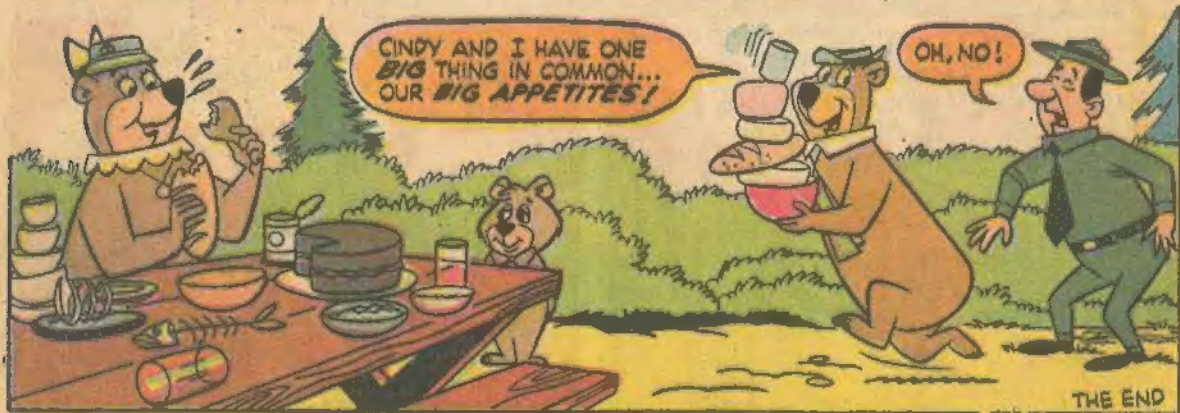












GOLD KEY CLUB
COMICS

DINOSAURIA

PROTOCERATOPS



The eggs of a dinosaur were first discovered in the Mongolian desert in 1922 — they were one hundred million years old! The eggs belonged to a small dinosaur of the Upper Cretaceous age — protoceratops. Eight feet long, protoceratops was distinguished by the strange circular collar behind its big skull. It was a harmless plant-eater with a parrot-like beak that had teeth only along the sides of its jaws. This odd-looking dinosaur was the ancestor of the great horned saurians.



Protoceratops laid its eggs in the sand in a dig-out hollow where twelve to twenty eggs, each eight inches long, hatched.



Protoceratops was not a fighter—its eggs were often stolen and eaten by the swift “ostrich” dinosaurs of the period.